



AIRI

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FAIRIES

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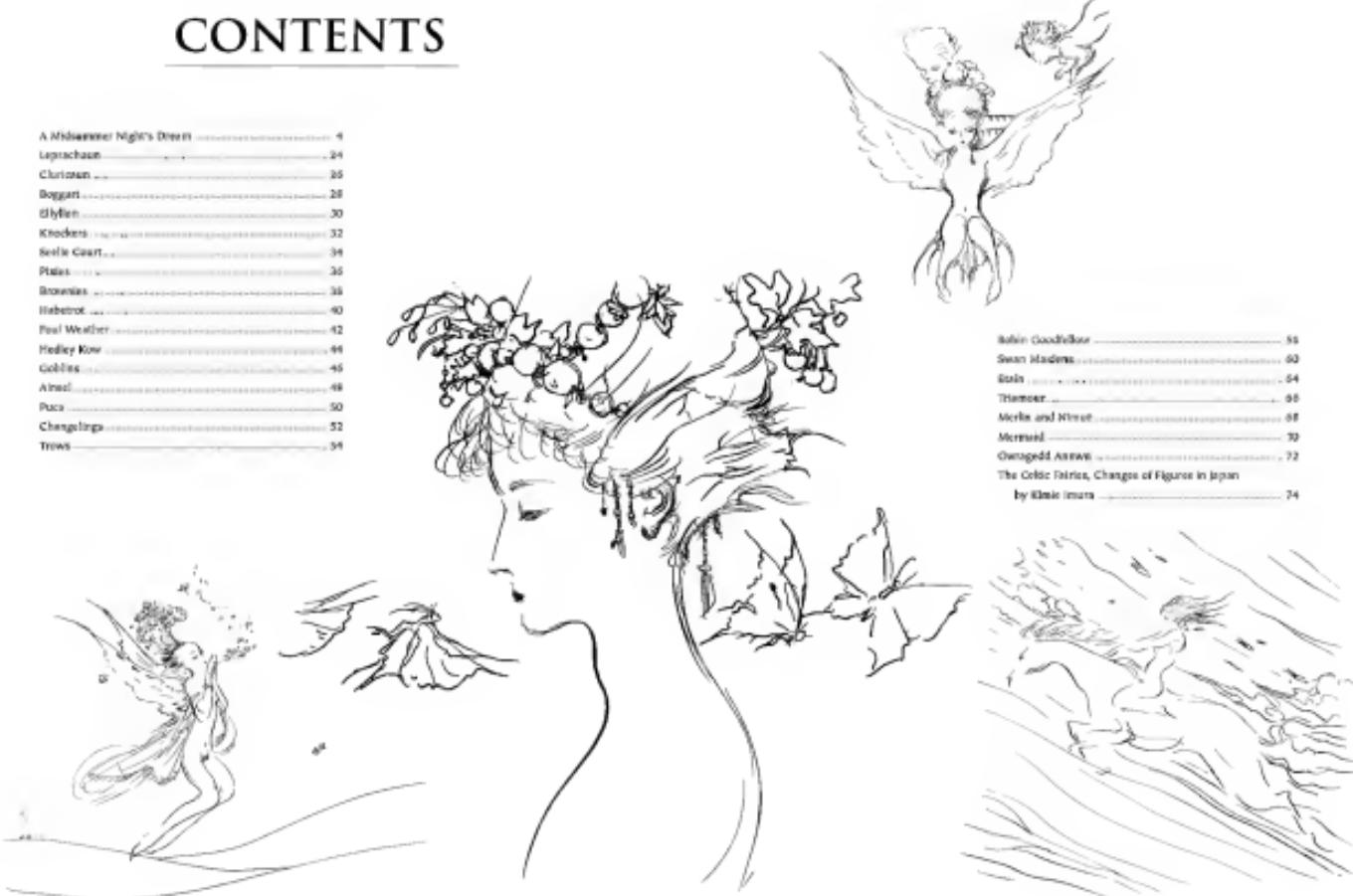
ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
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CONTENTS

A Midsummer Night's Dream	4
Leprechaun	24
Clown	25
Bogart	28
Glynn	30
Knickers	32
Seville Gown	34
Plates	35
Bronzes	35
Heberot	40
Fool Weather	42
Hedley Kow	44
Golliwogs	45
Ainsel	48
Puca	50
Changelings	52
Trivs	54

Robin Goodfellow	55
Seven Maidens	63
Stain	64
Thimble	66
Morla and Hinsel	68
Mermaid	70
Onnagodd Anriwa	72
The Celtic Fairies, Changes of Figures in Japan by Ikkosai Iimura	74



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

In the wood of Athens, young people fall in love picking handsome buds at dawn for the fair of May. In the wood of Athens, young girls lie on beds of soft primroses, sharing their secrets. When the moon is like a drawn silver bow, the faeries emerge to chase Hecate's curse, following darkness like a dream and shunning the sunlight. Their lord is Oberon, King of the faeries. Their queen is Titania, mistress of love. Amid the fragrance of the flowers, Titania bids the faeries to sing.

*Come, wear a roundel and a fairy song,
Then, for the third part of a minute, dance;
Some to kill cuckoos in the mask-one lands;
Some wear with reverent love for their faethorn wings,
To make my small elves come; and some sleep back
The clausur owl, that lightly broods and wanders
At our quiet spirits. Sing we now asleep . . .*



For Oberon is passing *far* and *sooth*,
Because that *she* as *her* attendant hath
A lovely boy, robes from on radiant king
She never had so sweet a *changeling*:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forest wild,
But she perforce withholds the *livel* boy,
Covers him with flowers and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountains clear, or spangled starlight sheet,
that, they do square, that all their *deeds* for fear
Creep into *worn*-caps and hide them there: ...
They speak at night,
One *first* metey *wanderer* of the night:
I just to Oberon and make him smile

My gentle Puck come hither: thou rememb'rest,
Since once I did upon a promontory;
And heard a *lament*, on a Delight's back,
Uttering such *lament* and *insoothes* breath: . . .

That very time, I saw that *there* could*'t* *not*
Flying between the cold *Moon* and *the* *earth*.
Cupid, all arm'd, in certain *air* he took
At a fair *Vestal*, divinely *vest*,
And loath'd his love-staff smirch'd, from his bow,
As it should pierce a *hallowed* diamond heart:
But, I might be young Cupid's *fiery* shaft:
Quenched in the *chaste* bosom of the wily *Moor*:
And the *Imperial* *Moorish* passed on,
In *mid*-air meditation: *Joy* *free*:
Yet wroth I, where the bolt of Cupid fell,
It fell upon a little *western* flower:
Before, milk white: now purple, with love's *vermail*,
And maidens call it, *Lore* in *Alencon*:
Fetch me that flower: the *herb* I showed thee once
The juice of it, on sleeping *quiddle* *leaf*,
Will make *man* or *woman* madly *doe*,
Upon the next live creature that it *seem*:
Fetch me *thits* *herb*, and be thou here again:
Ere the *Leyline* *our* *swim* a *bridge*:









II met by moonlight, proud Theseus,

What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip home;
I have Jeannie his bed and company.

Terry, make winter sun not I thy bairn!

And throughout this apothecary, we see
The seasons change: ice-cold frost
Freeze the fresh crimson roses;
And on the old God of Harmony's chin and icy crown,
Is set a circle of sweet summer buds . . .
And this little of evils of an upside-down world is caused
By our disagreements, from our disagreements.





A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Welcome, good Robin.

Since I saw this sweet sight?

Her bosome now I do begin to plye:

For, working her of late behind the wood,

Seeking sweet flowers from this hateful feal,

I did upbraid her and pull out with her;

For she like hairy temples then had rendered

With a concert of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that some dew, which sometime on the bobs

Who used to smell like round and orient pearls,

Stand now within the pretty flowerets' eyes

Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail

When I had at my pleasure taunted her

And she to hold her begett my patience;

I then did ask of her her changeling child,

Which straight she gave me, and her fairest test

To bear her to my bower in faery land,

And since I have the boy, I will make

This hateful imperfection of her eyes

My folly lived, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragon cut the clouds full fast,
And yester where Aurora's blushing:

Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Tip me ofter the night's shroud:
We the globe one compass sooth,
Sweeter than the wandering moon.





THE RICH FAIRY LEPRECHAUN

A tiny man works under a hedge, hammering away on a pair of shoes. This is the Leprechaun, the cobbler of the fairies, with his white beard, three-cornered hat, red clothes, and leather apron. It is the Leprechaun's job to fix the shoes worn thin by the fairies with all of their dancing, but he is a strange little creature who will only accept one shoe from each client. He may be strange, but he is also very wealthy. He has ninety-nine pots of gold buried in a secret spot. If you catch the Leprechaun and make him tell you where his treasure is buried, you can be rich, too.

Tom was extremely lucky to be one of the few people to find a leprechaun under his hedge. He grasped the little old shamaner tightly with both hands. The little old man said Tom where his pots of gold were, but he kept changing his story. "Over there, No, no, they're over here, No, now I remember, over here!" He dragged Tom this way and that way until the soles of Tom's shoes were thin, but still no treasure.

Leprechauns are nimble fairies, and can disappear in the blink of an eye. Tom knew this, and he strained to keep his eyes wide open just when he thought he couldn't bear it any longer; the leprechaun said, "This time I'm sure. The treasure is buried at the root of that tall holly tree."

Without meaning to, Tom blinked. Before he could so much as open his hands, the leprechaun melted away, as quick as water sinking into sand. Tom was left standing before a huge field, full of golden holly trees swaying in the breeze.

He didn't have anything to dig with, so he marked the spot with a red garter, tying it around the stem of the tall holly the Leprechaun had pointed to before racing home to get a shovel.

Again, Tom stood before the field of golden holly trees swaying in the breeze. Each and every one of them had a red garter tied around its stem.

Rip-tap, tap-tap! The leprechaun is a clever one!

Tom never found his treasure.





THE WINE CELLAR FAIRY CLURICAUN

It was an icy night in winter and the moon was shining round when the drunkard Billy came across a Cluricaun. The Cluricaun is a small fairy with a loud voice who lives all alone in a wine cellar, and he is always drunk.

Billy the drunkard and the Cluricaun drink their days away, seeking out wine cellars and piling fine wines. The mashes were their lenses and they snuck into the farmhouses through the layholes. On one such night, Billy and the Cluricaun came upon a farmhouse where the entire village was gathered to celebrate the wedding of two young people, Bridget and Davy.

"You leave Billy, tomorrow will be my one thousandth birthday," the Cluricaun said. "I've never taken a wife, and it's about time I did. That's why I'm here today. Bridget is just the girl for me, and I mean to steal her away."

The lovely Bridget walked into the room carrying a large platter of delicious food. Just then, she let out a huge sneeze, but not a single person said, "God bless you." Even the groom had his mouth stuffed full of tasty meats and vegetables.

Bridget's skin was as white as snow and her eyes were big and blue. This time, she gave a tiny little sneeze, but again, not a single person said "God bless you," because they were too busy to notice.

"Bridget is as good as mine," the Cluricaun said, from his perch on a ceiling beam. "If she sneezes three times and nobody says 'God bless you,' she'll be turned into a fairy, you know."

Just then, Bridget sneezed a third time. "God bless ye!" Billy shouted from the ceiling beam. The angry cluricaun pushed him off the beam, but Billy didn't mind because the grateful villagers plopped him with as much wine as he could drink.



THE TROUBLESOME FAIRY

BOGGART

In George's house, in Yorkshire
A troublesome Boggart lives in a knothole ell hole
He larks with the farmer's children
They stick the sheathorn in his hole and he flings it back at them.

The pitch-black Boggart in George's house
Causes no end of trouble!
He steals bread and butter and overturns the milk jug
Making the farmer's wife cry.

In the knothole ell hole at George's house
The hairy Boggart causes quite a stir
The farm work and house work never get done
"That does it, we're moving!" George declares

George's family packs up their belongings
To leave their Yorkshire home to the boggart
When from the milk can they hear a cry
"Don't forget me, I'm coming too!"

Poor George of Yorkshire, the Boggart is with him still!





THE HELPFUL FAIRY ELLYLON



Poor little Rery Pyoo!
His crops haven't born fruit.
His cows don't bear milk.
His darling wife is always ill.
Poor little Rery Pyoo!
His farm work is never done.
Perhaps he should sell the farm.
Perhaps he should sell the house, too.
Poor little Rery Pyoo!
Dragging his heavy feet
The future is dim!

Don't worry, Rery Pyoo!
We'll look after you!
We'll feed your animals, tend your crops, and clean
your house, too.
Never fear, Rery Pyoo!
We'll take care of you!
We'll help you with your work every day.
Take heart, Rery Pyoo!
We'll look after you!
As long as you don't try to see us!

Curious Kathy, Rery's wife
After three years, she can hear it no more.
Avalkens in the middle of the night.
Curious Kathy, Rery's wife
Tiptoes down into the kitchen
Just as she thought! The Ellylon!
Curious Kathy, Rery's wife
Forgets herself and lets out a laugh
Immediately the candle is snuffed!
And with it, the Ellylon, too, are gone.



FAIRY MINERS KNOCKERS

In a tiny town to the west of Cornwall, there lived a miner named Parker. He was a lazy man, and crafty, too. In the mines in these parts, there lived a kind of fairy called a Knocker who would lead their favorite miners to one with a knock-knock-knock!

One day, Parker had an idea. "The Knockers know where to dig for ore. They must have a pile of gold of their own. I've had enough of digging where they tell us! Why not steal their treasure instead? I'll hide myself and spy on them to learn where their treasure is hidden."

Parker stopped going to work every day and instead spent his time loitering in places where he might see a Knocker. One night, he spotted a line of Knockers heading down a small mineshaft with pickaxes and shovels. Chalking to himself, Parker hid himself in a stand of ferns and waited for the Knockers to come back out.

Finally, the Knockers finished their work and emerged from the mine shaft, whispering among themselves. "Where shall we hide our stash of tools this time?"

"Ho-ho! Wherever they hide their tools, no doubt they'll hide their treasure, too!" Parker chuckled.

"I'll hide mine among the ferns," one Knocker said.

"Ho-ho! I'll come back later and look in the ferns," Parker chuckled.

"I'll hide mine in the crack in that boulder," another Knocker said.

"Ho-ho! I'll come back later and look in that crack!" Parker thought.

The three Knockers drew closer. "I'll hide mine in Parker's leg!" said the third Knocker, and with that the bag of heavy tools fell straight into Parker's leg.

Parker was never able to walk again.





THE KIND FAIRIES SEELIE COURT

Alison Gross was an evil witch who hated human beings. One day, she fell in love with a handsome young knight.

"If you will be my one true love, I'll give you many wonderful treasures," she whispered in the knight's ear.

The knight answered, "Awe, you mean old hat! No matter what treasures you offer me, I'll never be your one true love!"

When the witch heard this, she circled the knight three times and waved her silver wand. With that, the handsome young knight was transformed into a horrible worm, and all he could do was cling to a tree.

As it happened, the handsome knight had a younger sister, and she soon grew worried about her brother. She searched high and low, and finally found him transformed into an ugly worm, clinging to a tree. But even the deep sorrow and devotion of the knight's sister was not enough to break the witch's curse.

On the night of Halloween, the Seelie Court came riding out on their horses, led by their queen. When the queen saw the miserable worm clinging to his tree, she sat down on a bank of daisies and bid him to come sit by her.

The ugly worm wriggled up to the queen and put his head in her lap. The queen crooked him three times, and he was immediately transformed back into a handsome knight, kneeling before her.

After that, Alison Gross's magic never worked again.

The Seelie Court have done many a good turn for human beings, but some say that this was the best.





THE MISCHIEVOUS FAIRIES PIXIES

It was a foggy night, and Moore the tinker was swaying drunkenly on his horse. Moore was a never-do-well who wouldn't stop drinking until his purse was empty. He beat his wife, and sometimes he even hit his sweet little children.

Moore's horse, on the other hand, was a very fine beast. Even if Moore was staggering or shouting at the top of his lungs, even if he was too drunk to know the horse's head from its tail and he rode it backwards, so long as he managed to climb up onto the creature's back, the horse made sure that he made it home.

That night, Moore caught sight of bright, flickering light through the fog. From atop his horse, he began to shout:

"That foolish rascal of mine, lighting such a big candle! Candles aren't free, you know! I'll give her a drubbing for that!"

The horse, however, refused to walk towards the light. Instead, he trotted off quickly in the other direction.

"Stupid horse! What's gotten into you? Take me home, you stupid beast!"

But the horse stood stock still in the road and refused to walk towards the light.

Again, Moore whipped the horse and shouted: "Stupid horse! What's gotten into you? Take me home, you stupid beast!"

Moore kicked his horse in the head, then dismounted and began to walk towards the light. Before he had walked two paces, however, he fell into a deep swamp and disappeared into the mud.

The horse went home. When Moore's wife saw that her husband wasn't on his horse and that the horse's feet were covered in mud, she knew that something had happened. Of course, Moore had seen a pale light. It was the flickering light of a pale hovering over a bottomless mire!

Moore's wife lit every candle in the house and danced a dance of joy. From then on, she left fresh water in the basin at night for the pale children to bathe in and cleaned the bath every night so that the pale could dance there.

The horse, for his part, grew very fat, until you couldn't tell whether he was a horse or a pig!





THE HARD-WORKING FAIRIES BROWNIES

Once upon a time there was an old man in Lincolnshire, and in his house there lived a brownie. The brownie helped with the housework at night, and all he asked for in return was a bit of food. He milled the grain in the barn to make flour, and he ground up the mustard, too. He cleaned up the kitchen, and every job was done carefully and thoroughly.

But brownies are difficult creatures. You must never criticize their work, and you must never try to see them. If you do, they will leave and never come back. That is the brownies' rule.

The old man knew this well, and he made sure never to talk about the brownie or call its name. When he finished his own simple meal, he would leave a slice of wheat bread spread with honey and a cup of milk or cream on the windowsill for the brownie.

There was, however, something unusual about this particular brownie. Normally, they say that brownies go about their work practically naked, wearing nothing but a tattered old shirt, but that if you thank them with new clothes, they will dance off into the night. But this brownie never disappeared, even though the farmer gave him a new linen shirt every New Year. Even though the old man never knew whether the brownie liked his gift, or even whether he actually wore it, he always left a shirt for the brownie, year after year.

When the old man died, his farm was passed down to his son. The man's son could not bear to waste a fine linen shirt on a brownie. Instead, he decided to leave the brownie a coarse sackcloth shirt. That night, the voice of the brownie echoed through the house:

*"Farmer, hardie, lenon houpt
I will neither grind nor stamp.
Nor you give me linen gear.
I had served you many a year.
Theft may go, but half may stay
I shall never far away."*





THE WEAVER FAIRY HABETROT

Janet of Selkirk was beautiful and carefree.
Her friends were the sound of the wind, the waves
of grass, and the smell of the flowers.
She spent her days chasing birds and playing
with deer.

One day Janet was given seven heads of flax.
Spinning yarn was terribly hard!
How would she ever get it done?
In a meadow spinning with morning dew she
sat across an old woman.

It was a Habetrot, the weaver fairy.
"I'll spin your yarn for you."

The forest is quiet but for the rustle of leaves.
Janet sleeps atop a stone. Somewhere,
Old Lady Habetrot is spinning yarn.

Seven bundles of smooth, shining yarn
Janet and the seven bundles
A Laird sees this and wants her for his bride.

The Laird wishes
Janet to spin for him
But Old Lady Habetrot does the spinning.
When the moon is full, Janet goes to the wood
With her Laird at her side
On a stone sits Old Lady Habetrot.

Spinning and spinning as fast as she can
The Laird is astounded!
Old Lady Habetrot, what happened to your lip?

Her lip is fat and hangs down to her elbow.
It's the fault of the spinning.
The Laird is astonished!

Janet, no more spinning for you!
Thank you, Old Lady Habetrot.
And that is why Janet is still carefree.



THE STRANGE OLD FAIRY FOUL WEATHER

The king was walking through the forest, lost in thought. Suddenly, a strange little old man appeared out of nowhere and said, "Why the long face? No need to look so gloomy!"

The king answered sullenly, "I wanted to build the most magnificent cathedral on earth, but I emptied my coffers just building the foundation!"

The strange old man replied, "I'll build it for you on one condition: you must guess my name. But if you don't guess it by the time the cathedral is finished, I'll have your heart!"

The king nodded, and the strange old man vanished. That night, a tremendous number of hairy little fairies appeared and began to build the cathedral, carrying stones and hammering away without a moment's rest. The king awoke with every name he could think of, but when he posed them to the fairies, all they did was laugh mockingly.

Again, the king went walking through the forest, lost in thought. Suddenly, he heard the exasperating cry of a baby and the soothing voice of a mother singing:

*Go to sleep, my bony one.
To the moon, thy father will come.
To the moon, Foul Weather will come!
And for his baby he will bring
The fresh heart of a king!*

The king rushed back to town as fast as he could. The cathedral was almost finished; all that remained was to fix the weather-vane to the top of the steeple.

"Be sure it's as good and straight!" the little old man was saying.

At the top of his lungs, the king shouted, "FOUL WEATHER!"

When the strange little old man heard his cry, he fell head over heels from the roof, and shattered into a thousand pieces like glass.





THE TRANSFORMING FAIRY HEDLEY KOW

In the village of Hedley, near Elchester, there once lived a poor little old lady. She made her living running errands for the villagers and doing jobs that nobody else wanted, and she always worked with a merry smile. "I'm a lucky one, am I?" she often said.

One evening, she finished her work and began to hurry home, smiling as usual, when she noticed an old urn lying by the side of the road.

"My, my! Look what somebody's lost! I could use that to put flowers in!" She tried to pick up the urn, but it was terribly heavy. When she looked inside, she was astonished to see that it was full of gold coins.

"I'm a lucky one, am I? Finding all these golden coins!"

As the old woman continued to walk, her load suddenly grew heavier. When she looked down, she saw that the gold coins had turned into silver nuggets.

"I'm a lucky one, am I? Golden coins are hard to spend. This silver will be easier to sell!"

As the old woman continued to walk, her load suddenly grew heavier. When she looked down, she saw that the silver was gone, and this time the pot was full of rusty chunks of iron.

"I'm a lucky one, am I? People are bound to spread rumors if I go around selling silver nuggets. But nobody will talk about an old lady selling chunks of old iron!"

When she finally got home, she looked down again and saw that the chunks of rusty iron were gone, and in its place was a big round stone.

"Oh, my! Only a stone, was it? I'm glad I didn't notice earlier, or I wouldn't have gone to the trouble of hauling it home! I'm a lucky one, am I? I can use this to fix the hole in my fence to stop the pigs and chickens from getting in and mudding up my yard!"

As she bent over to lift up the stone, it suddenly grew soft and warm. Before her very eyes, it sprouted four legs and a long hairy tail, and raced off cackling into the night.

At this, the old woman gave a merry laugh. "I'm a lucky one, am I? Seeing the Hedley Kow at my ripe old age! Now there's a special treat!"





THE FRANKSTER FAIRIES
GOBLINS

The witching hour, on a little hill in Devonshire
The phantom goblins hold their strange market



THE LITTLE GIRL FAIRY

AINSEL

Once upon a time, on a very cold night, a little boy refused to go to sleep.

"If you don't go to sleep, the fairies will carry you off!" his mother threatened.

Still, the little boy would not obey. His mother gave up, put out the candle, and got into bed alone. The candlelight was gone, but the stove was still giving off its ruby glow.

Just then, a tiny little girl drifted down the chimney, giving off a glistening light. At first, the boy was startled, but after a moment his fear changed to delight and he invited the girl to play, asking her name.

"Ainsel," she replied. "What's yours?"

The boy found this name funny, so he repeated it: "Ainsel!"

The two of them had a wonderful time playing together, but after a while the fire in the stove began to dwindle and the room grew cold. The boy grabbed the poker and gave the coals a good stir.

Sparks flew, and one fell on the girl's leg. She let out such a piercing scream that the boy was frightened and hid behind the pile of firewood.

Just then, there was a noise so loud it shook the house. Ainsel's mother came flying out of the chimney.

"Who burned you?" she asked her daughter. "whatever it was, they'll be sorry!"

To this, the girl replied, "Ainsel!"

"Ainsel did it! Well, you've no right to cry then, if you did it yourself!" she scolded. She kicked the girl back up the chimney, flew after her, and was gone.





THE LOCAL FAIRY

PUCA

Phadrig was a very conscientious boy, who always helped his father with his work. On one such day, he saw a bull tear past him towards the mill. When he saw this, Phadrig knew that it had to be a *puca*.

"Puca, *puca!* What is your true form? If you show me, I'll give you this coat."

When he heard this, the bull came back, wagging its tail vigorously. "Come to the mill tonight when the moon is in the sky, and you will find a coat."

That night, when the moon was in the sky, Phadrig went down to the mill. All of the men were already sleeping. Phadrig fell asleep, too, and when he awoke it was dawn, and all of the grain had been milled into beautiful flour, even though the men were still asleep. Three nights passed like this, and on the fourth night, Phadrig was determined to stay awake. There was an old, dasty chest in the corner of the mill, and Phadrig climbed inside, peering out through the keyhole.

And what do you suppose happened? In the middle of the night, six little men and an old man in tattered clothes came into the mill. They set to work, milling the grain into beautiful flour, and by morning they were gone.

When the boy told his father, his father fired all of the men and from then on the milling was left to the *puca*. Before long, Phadrig's family grew rich.

After a while, the kindhearted Phadrig began to feel sorry for the old *puca* in his tattered clothes, and he bought a fine suit of clothes and a silk vest and left them in the mill for the *puca* to find. When the old man found the new clothes, he put them on right away and began snuffing happily around the mill. Then he walked right out the door.

"I'm a fancy gentleman, now! No more milling for me! Fancy gentlemen don't mill flour! No more milling for me!"

That was the last Phadrig ever saw of the old man, but he never forgot that *puca*.





THE KIDNAPPING FAIRIES

CHANGELINGS

In an old, ramshackle castle at the edge of the village of Hassett, in Ireland, there lived a group of fairies that the villagers called the Little Neighbors.

One Halloween eve, the fairies were singing, dancing, drinking, and making merry in their castle. They were having such a fine time that even the old dead leaves on the wild apple tree outside the window looked like shimmering gold.

"Let's go to Dublin, then, and snatch a child!" one of them shouted.

They mounted their team of horses and galloped up into the sky and over the forests of trees. On Halloween eve, as everyone was roasting walnuts and eating apples, the fairies slipped away through the night.

"It's Dublin! Dublin!" one of them cried.

"It's Dublin! Dublin!" the other fairy echoed.

They alighted at one of the fanciest mansions on Steven's Green. In it, they found a beautiful little girl asleep in her beautiful bed. As the blink of an eye, the fairies snatched the child from her bed, and left a stick of wood in her place. Immediately, the stick changed shape to look just like the little girl they had stolen. The fairies flew back through the night, calling out the name of each town as they passed it and passing the child from hand to hand.

It was no wonder that the fairies had wanted to steal the child, for she was indeed quite lovely. It happened, however, that among the fairies there was one adventurous young boy from the village of Hassett. When they drew close to the village, he took hold of the child and made off with her, bringing her home to his family.





THE HUMAN-HATING FAIRIES

TROWS

On dark, dark nights, the Trows come creeping out of their burrows to look for a bride. They crouch in the shadow of a tree and wait for a human woman to come by. When an unlucky woman happens to wander past, she is unwillingly selected as the Trow's mate.

Mysteriously enough, in the world of Trows, all of the babies are boys, and the Trows have no choice but to steal human women. After giving birth to a Trow's baby, the human mother always dies. The father Trow never dies until his son is grown. But this also means that the Trow will only live until his son reaches adulthood. According to Trow law, if a Trow never takes a wife, the other Trows will drive him away.

Once, there was a Trow who was afraid to die. If only he didn't have to marry and have a child, he could go on living forever! So he decided that just before he was chased away, he would run off and live alone in an old abandoned mud hut.

The Trow managed to cheat death, and he lived in the old mud hut all alone for hundreds of years. After a while, he became terribly lonesome, and he took to wandering around his mud hut and talking forlornly to himself. He lived on fish, soup, and bubbles made of mud. They weren't real, but they all looked, smelled, and tasted just like the real thing.

As the years went by, the people of Shetland came to know about the Trow that lived in the mud hut, and he was feared and hated by all. But whenever a human being passed by, the Trow would stop and stare longingly, as if he wished he could start a conversation.







THE DARLING FAIRY
ROBIN GOODFELLOW

Robin Goodfellow, mischievous imp!
The fairy king he calls Pippin
The shepherdess he calls Maudlin
Every day a merry jest

Robin Goodfellow, mischievous imp!
Turns himself into a hog
Then no one or sheep or dog
Every day a merry jest

Robin Goodfellow, mischievous imp!
Flies through the air on a summer breeze
Plunges into the boggy seas
Every day a merry jest

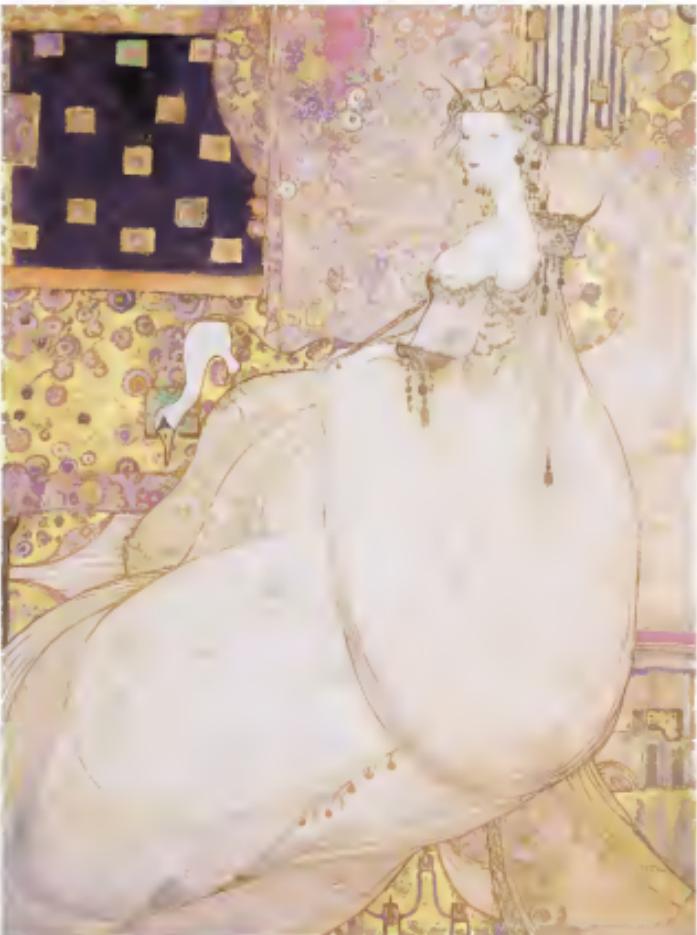
Robin Goodfellow, mischievous imp!
The favorite of the fairy king
Can get away with anything
Every day a merry jest



FROM CELTIC MYTHOLOGY
SWAN MAIDENS

*At Lough Dergan Leda lived a beautiful swan maiden.
Every night, in Anghus's dreams
She played the flute and vanished away.
Cerr was the maiden's name
Princess of the Fertile Hill
Transformed by a magic spell
A swan for one year
A swan for one year*

*On the next St. John's Day
She would be a white swan again
Brimming with his love for her
Anghus entreated the maiden
Brimming with his love for her
Anghus, too, became a swan
Two white swans, bound by love
Spread their great white wings and soar
Away into the far-off sky.*





FROM CELTIC MYTHOLOGY

ETAIN

Beloved of the immortal unfallen
She lived on Feiry hill
A pure and fair, like a maiden

Swept up in a whirlwind
Etain landed in the jealous queen's cap
Who unmercifully drank her soul

The jealous queen of the underworld
Crowned with magic round
To make Etain a purple butterfly

Now butterfly Etain has lost
All memory of her previous life
Before as Etaín's peasant daughter

Fluttering from flower to flower
Again the queen spotted her prey
And flew her away to a stormy sea



FROM THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR
TRIAMOUR

A true-knighted knight fell in love
With a maid fairer than the heathflower blossom
Her name was Triamour
Princess of the Folly Land in the West

Their love was to be kept a secret
The knight pledged never to reveal
His love for her to anyone
Else she should not return

When he was led to the gyre
Triamour came riding in
On a lovely steed white steed
And bade her knight to join her

In the far-off wold of the far
Whiles the lovers' noble horse
And the horn of the knaves
Salutes Triamour and her knight



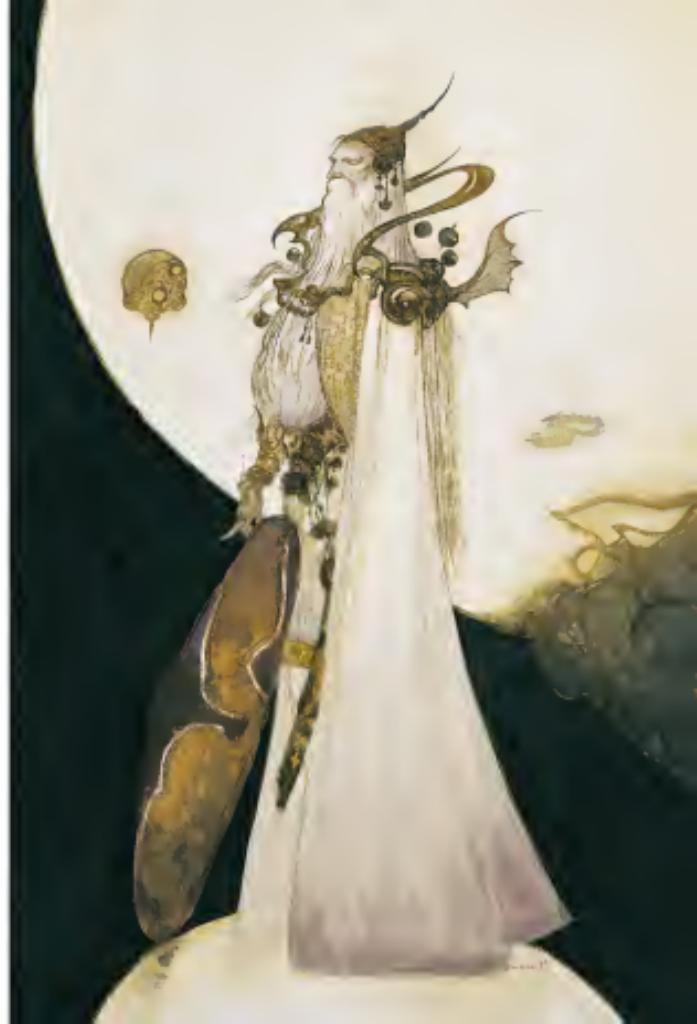


FROM THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR
MERLIN AND NIMUE

It was King Arthur's wedding day
Nimue came charging in
Pursuing a white hart
She wore a green cloak and carried a hagle, bow, and arrow.
It was King Arthur's wedding day
Merlin deceived Nimue with magic
Claiming her heart for himself
Days went by, years went by,
Merlin slept in the shade of a tree

Softly Nimue cast a spell
Merlin, who loved Nimue so
Lost his powers to her
And became her prisoner in an invisible dungeon

Now deceived me, I know
But do not ever leave my side.



FAIRY OF THE SEA

MERMAID

*By the small village of Cornwall
In a tiny, ironclad cove
A song drifts over the waves
A bewitching melody*

*By the small village of Cornwall
In a storm-ravaged cove
The singer in the frosty reeds
Is the fair and gentle mermaid*



FAIRY OF THE LAKE

GWRAGEDD ANNWN

Gwyngyl Annwn, fairy of the lake
Decides the fates of mortal lives
in a glistening moonlit boat
Rowing with glistening moonlit oars

Gwyngyl Annwn, fairy of the lake
Decides the fates of mortal lives
Stare sparkle in her big round eyes
She combs her silvery moonlit curls

If you love me, you must pledge ...
If you pledge, never betray ...



THE CELTIC FAIRIES

CHANGES OF FIGURES IN JAPAN

BY KIMIE IMURA

The Cornwall Peninsula juts out into the ocean in southwestern Britain. Amid the cries of the seagulls, its residents lead slow-paced lives, half of them fishermen and the rest farmers. The fishermen deem their last catch of the day a lucky fairy and return it to the ocean, and the farmers spill the fine milk they squeeze from their cows on the ground for the Fairy Fairies. When fortune smiles upon someone, they rejoice that a lucky Fairy is protecting them, when something goes amiss, it is attributed to Borrowers. Fairies live among the people here, and they serve as a buffer to soften the blow of direct anger or sadness. I am always acutely aware of the special role fairies play in the particular humor of the British, and of how their presence broadens people's capacity for emotional expression.

When you tread into the wild heart of the moors, however, beware of the Gully Trap of the Pixies, or you will be led higher and higher all night long only to be dropped into a swamp, or whisked away and not heard from for days, or come away with blue bruises as the result of Fairy Pitching, or be plucked with a snarling Elf Hair—for the Pixies are always scheming to upset the lives of mortals. There are benevolent fairies who will grant you fortunes of Fairy Coins, castaneous, single-minded fairies who like to make their ire felt, and roguish Imps who adore playing pranks. Just as the word "fairy" is derived from the Latin *fata*, or fate, fairies play a role in the destinies of mortals. One particularly fascinating aspect of the fairy tales of the British Isles is the fact that these supernatural beings have a relationship with the human world, causing all manner of unexpected things to happen.

The criteria for selection of representative fairies—in other words, the categorization of the fairies chosen—is basically as follows:

(1) The fairies unique to the folklore of the five regions of the British Isles; (2) the fairies of Celtic mythology; (3) the fairies of the Legend of King Arthur, and (4) the distinctive fairies that appear in the plays of Shakespeare, which have been instrumental in defining the image of fairies we hold today.

These four categories can be further divided into the following classifications:

Folklore Fairies

Irish Fairies: Leprechauns, Cluricasues, Pucks, Merrows, Goblins, Banshees, Roans
Scottish Fairies: Stooie Court, Brownies, Trows, Hebebots, Silks, Cailleach Bruer (Ireland), Dvergarns (England), The Caud Lad of Hilton (England)

Welsh Fairies: Gwylionedd Annwfn, Tylwyth Teg, Blynlyn

English Fairies: Robin Goodfellow, Boggarts, Mermaids, Goblins, Nixies

Cornish Fairies: Knockers, Fairies, Poul Wther, Skillywiddon, Changelings, Hedley Rose

Fairies of Celtic Mythology: Oisin and the Fairy Queen, Etain the butterfly, the Swan Maiden

Fairies of the Legend of King Arthur: Nimue, the Lady of the Lake; Morgan le Fey, Triangular

Fairies from Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: Oberon, Titania, Puck

The above fairies comprise two major categories: (1) Folklore Fairies, who inhabit traditional folk stories (the former group); and (2) Invented Fairies, who owe their existence to human



creativity (Peter Pan, Sand Fairies, etc.). The fairies are also divided up according to the five regions of the British Isles, and in each location they take on characteristics that reflect the land, trees, and nature of these regions.

In Ireland, otherwise known as the Emerald Isle, many spirits of prehistoric nature and human beings coexist with supernatural ones. Púcas might lurk in the hills just beyond your garden and you might come across a sweet-talking Gáe-Caonach in your pasture. In the highlands of hilly Scotland in winter, Caileach Beara covers the ground with a tap of her wand, and in the many lakes of Wales, the golden-haired Tywysog Teg emerge from their underwater realms on moonlit nights. In England, the half-human, half-fairy Robin Goodfellow or a hairy Boggart might appear in your house, either to help with the dishes or to ransack your belongings. Knockers guide people to ore in the mines of Cornwall, and Piskies lead travellers astray in the beach.

There are also what might be called local-dress Fairies, whose garb so matches their human counterparts as to be mistaken for them. They appear in tartan-checked kilts in Scotland or warm woolens like those of the James in Ireland, reflecting the clothing, appearance, and character of their region, and often mixing in with their mortal neighbors at gatherings and celebrations. Sometimes their faces are neighborly, other times terrifying.

If we trace Faldore Fairies back to their origin, we arrive in the world of the gods of Celtic Mythology. The Celtic Tuatha de Danann (the people of the Goddess Danu) were defeated in battle by the Milesians, the forbearers of the Irish. The Tuatha were driven away beyond the ocean, becoming the Unseen Ones, and underground, where they created the fairy country of Tir Na nÓg (the Land of Everlasting Youth). Gradually, they lost their status as deities and they grew smaller and became fairies. Fairies are, in a sense, tiny gods; pagan gods who have been abandoned. If Christianity is the brilliant world of Logos, they reside in the dusky worlds of Mythos, denizens of a shadowy land. As such, fairies have continually resided in the subconscious realm of folk culture from antiquity through modern times. The medieval romances breathed life into their memory, and they were recreated in free form by the imagination of poets and writers, giving birth to Puck, Peter Pan, and Panspermia, the sand fairy.

From the realm of the imagination, fairies appeared in written form both in literary texts and children's stories, and in Elizabethan times, fairies were manifested theatrically, sharing stages and worlds with human characters. During the Victorian era, fairies of all different colors and shapes appeared in paintings. Beyond this, fairies can be appreciated phonically in musical compositions and/or through dance in such ballets as *Le Spectre de la Rose*.

Thus, we see what dynamic roles fairies have played in the British Isles. But across the ocean, in the far-off country of Japan, did similar spirits and supernatural beings exist? Moreover, what sort of physical and psychological interpretations were assigned to fairies and elves, creatures that had not originally inhabited the Japanese subconscious?

The amonyo, a being that resembles a fairy, first appears in Japanese literature in the *Genji Shōshū* in 1322. However, the amonyo were in fact mortals who had acquired supernatural powers through a Taoist practice called Tantric-Ma. Further back, During the Nara Period, local gazetteers called *Kanki* (Records of Wind and Earth) were compiled in various prefectures beginning in 713 AD, and these included legends of giants, dwarves, and mousers. Figures such as the goddess Oshinou, Tenjū (Buddhist or Bodhisattva), and Seisho, the Great Goddess of the West, also make appearances, but are referred to as belonging to a far-off, unknown country, and many of them are derived from Chinese or Southeast Asian sources. The spirits that appear in *Mōkō Yūishū* (approximately 822 AD) are predominantly the returning souls of



the dead (e.g. ghosts, phantoms, specters, etc.) and are dismissed as evil presences, perhaps because of the Buddhist nature of the text. *Origuchi Shinsobu* classified supernatural beings into four categories: "harmi (ghost), tame (household), mono (spirit), or oni (demons)." almost all of which fell into the latter three categories. In *Yenagata Kankō's* *Tōsei Monogatari* (1940), there are stories of *rikoppa* (water imp), *aranyakka* (tree devotional), demes such as *Oshiro-anna* and *Okunai-anna*, *yanma-otsoko* (insect spirit), and *yanma-utsu* (insectuous crooked), etc. These supernatural beings are not phantoms or specters, but even those that pertain to water spirits or household sprits retain a dark, threatening quality.

On the other hand, the multitudinous *shinto* gods of Japanese mythology, including the deities that appear in the *Kojiki* (Records of Ancient Matters) and *Nihon Shoki* (Chronicle of Japan), are actually not unlike *senyō*. These include the sun goddess Amaterasu; Princess Konohana Sakuya, who makes the flowers of spring bloom from beneath the train of her garments, and Princesses Sora-hime and Hayadolliss, who larvae evil and impurities, to be carried away from rivers, to oceans, and then to the underworld. These mythological goddesses are natural spirits, and in that sense they are very similar to fairies. Celtic fairies, too, were descendants of the pagan gods that were shunned by the teachings of Christianity.

When did the words "fairy" and "elf" first permeate Japanese culture? The earliest examples include *Ueda Toki's* theoretical treatise on *senyō* (1922). He writes that there is no good translation for the English word "fairy" in Japanese, and that the best approach is to communicate the idea by using the word *senyō* and to then explain its characteristics in more detail. The fact that the word was difficult to translate into Japanese, and that there was no appropriate equivalency to represent the concept, suggests that the concept itself did not exist. Fairies are introduced as "hummed butterflies" ("vibrations on an insect"), or "fairy fantastic *senyō*"—Irish fairy tales—the corner in which fairies exist—were first introduced to Japan during the late Taishō and early Showa Periods. Authors such as Matsunaga Mineko and Senga Nakone, Akutagawa Ryūnosuke and Ogawa Shōkōji translated the anthology edited by Celtic author Yeats, *Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry*, and the works of Flora McLeod. In these works, fairies are not referred to as *senyō*, but as "natural spirits" or as *oni*, the modern Japanese word for fairies.

However, the real determinant of the modern Japanese image of fairies was not so much these literary descriptions as visual illustrations, such as Arthur Rackham's renditions of enchanting, fragile elves wearing acorn hats, or Peter Pan perched on a mushroom, playing a flute; or Cicely Barker's lonely *Heathorn* and *Daisy Fairies*. It was not until the 1950s that Japanese artists began to produce their own drawings and models of fairies. In other words, this phenomenon emerged only within the past two decades. The creativity of these artists is beginning to give rise to some unique interpretations of these life fairies, but for the most

part fairies are generally reproduced in a whimsical, decorative, and stylized manner. There are not yet many artists who fashion truly novel fairies, digesting the properties of these creatures and bringing them to life in their own original creations.

In this context, the Celtic fairies drawn by Yoshitaka Amano derive their foundations from the traditions of British folklore, but they inhabit an unprecedented, unique realm in pastoral forests through the incorporation of a Japanese aesthetic. In a sense, through these diverse fairies, Amano gives birth to a fantasy realm of his own invention. From the four categories of Celtic fairies given at the beginning of this essay, Amano illustrates twenty-seven creatures and renders each of their worlds in an appropriate medium, including water-based acrylics, ink, and oil paints. *rik* painting is just the right medium for *Beauteuses* (listed as "Celtic Fairies"), water colors are selected for more sprightly creatures, and oils are used for the *Mermaids*. In depicting the inhabitants of this otherworld, Amano employs a free, painterly style for some creatures to elicit a mischievous, dainty, or inexorable effect, while delicately rendering others in fine detail to achieve a slender, more erotic form.

Yoshitaka Amano once said, "You cannot paint fairies without entering their world and believing in them," and it is this mentality that enables the artist to convey the inhabitants of this foreign realm with a light hand, without the intention of adulterating their existence. The world that emerges is fantastic and dreamlike, and the fairies themselves are such celestial forms as to be almost transparent. Amano's fairies are skillfully imbued with the aesthetic of natural spirits, and this is expressed in delicately fligréd lines, giving rise to a singular and exceptionally beautiful fairy universe.



YOSHITAKA AMANO

YOSHITAKA AMANO

Born in 1952, Yoshitaka Amano was hired at the age of fifteen by Tatsunoko Productions, where he was involved in character design for the animated television program *Gatchaman* (aired in America as *Battle of the Planets* and *G-Force*) among other projects. His career in publishing began with *Twilight World* in 1981, in 1983 he was presented with the Seian Award for Art, which he went on to win for three subsequent years. In 1987 he did the character design for the first Final Fantasy video game, winning him widespread acclaim. In 1990 he branched out into new artistic realms, doing stage design for Tamasaburo Bando's production of *Mayoiwa* and other plays, and designing a stained glass window for the *Aspel Museum*. In 1995, a deepening interest in art led him to begin making lithographs at a studio in Paris. In 1996 he began doing lithographs at a studio in New York and has since held solo exhibitions in galleries all over Japan. In 1997 he held his first solo exhibition in New York.

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... which mostly took up to 6 months of original drawings, storyboards, and animation have been produced and released all over the world. As far as we know this is the first time that the animation has been distributed in 3D, and perhaps the first ever. A Midsummer Night's Dream is the second Merlin's first major film commission. Previous work includes the *Step* as well as the interpretation of *British Folk* and *Japanese Mythology*.



From 1992: *WINTER MAGIC* theatrical music film at the age of fifteen. By Tannenbaum Productions, where he was involved in character design for the animated production program produced based on Arthurian myths of the stories and 12th century other legends. His career in producing began with *Midsummer* in 1991. In 1992 he was presented with the name Merlin as his studio (not name as he was then) then subsequent films as well for children's character design for the first film *Midsummer* where gained international audience in 1993 the first and first ever artistic venture during stage design for *Midsummer*. Merlin a producer of *Midsummer* and other plays, and designing or related projects includes the *12th Forest Sequence*. In 1994 in producing *Midsummer* are not have no longer making illustrations as a studio in Merlin. In 1995, the began creating lithographs as a studio to have work and has since he has exhibited in galleries all over Japan. In 1997 he held his first solo exhibition in Tokyo.



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*"You cannot paint justice
without entries that would
end believing in them."*

—Yoshitaka Amano